

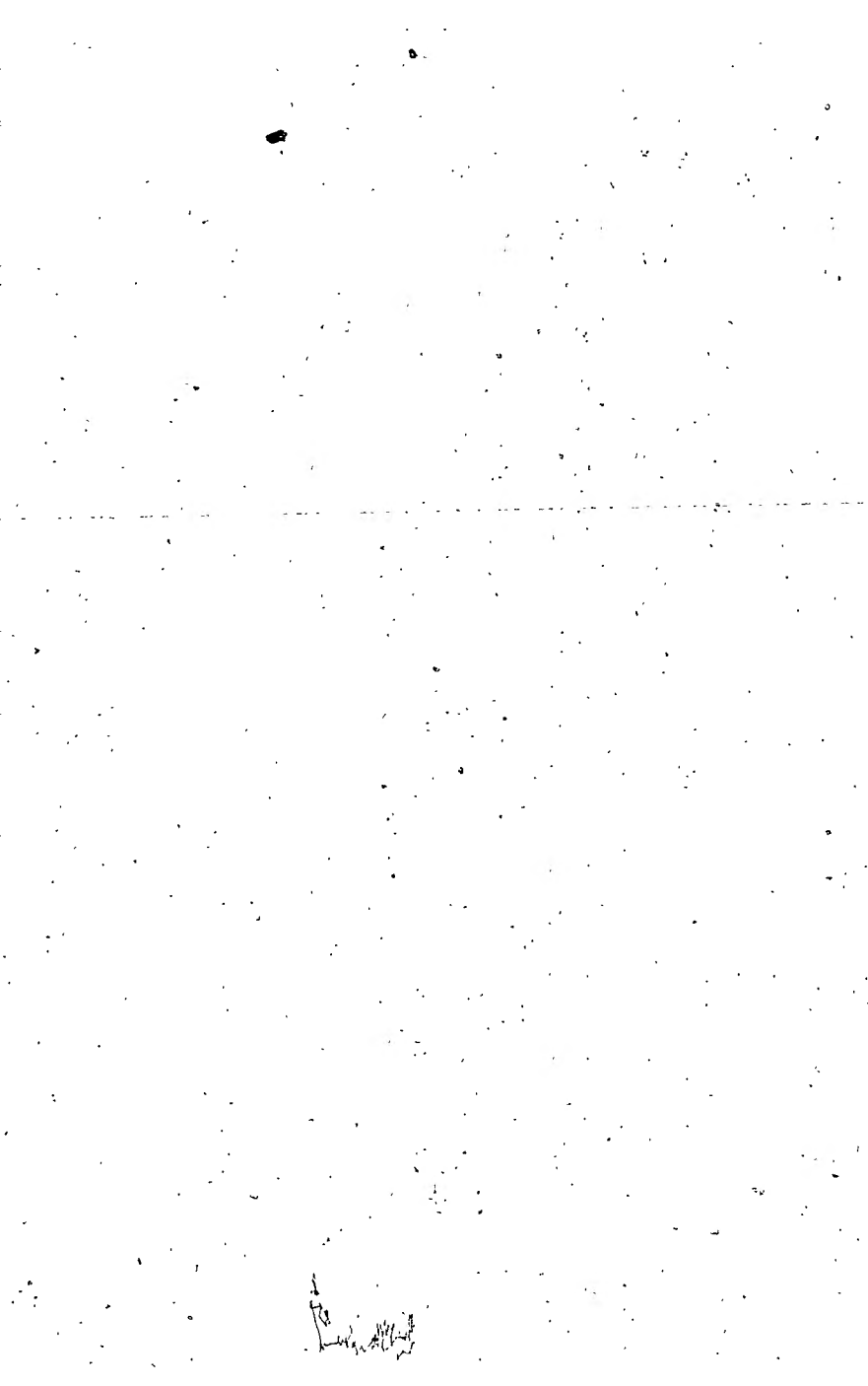
# Ramblings in Verse

Gemmill



MRS. JOHN KIRKPATRICK  
(Gemmill)





## AN APPRECIATION

The delightful verses by Gemmill have been appearing for several years on the Editorial page of The St. James Leader and The Springfield Leader. Many of the short verses in this little book were written especially for Leader editorial briefs to mark special occasions. They have appeared timely and well, like a breath of Spring across the wintry landscape, as charming in personality as their delightful authoress.

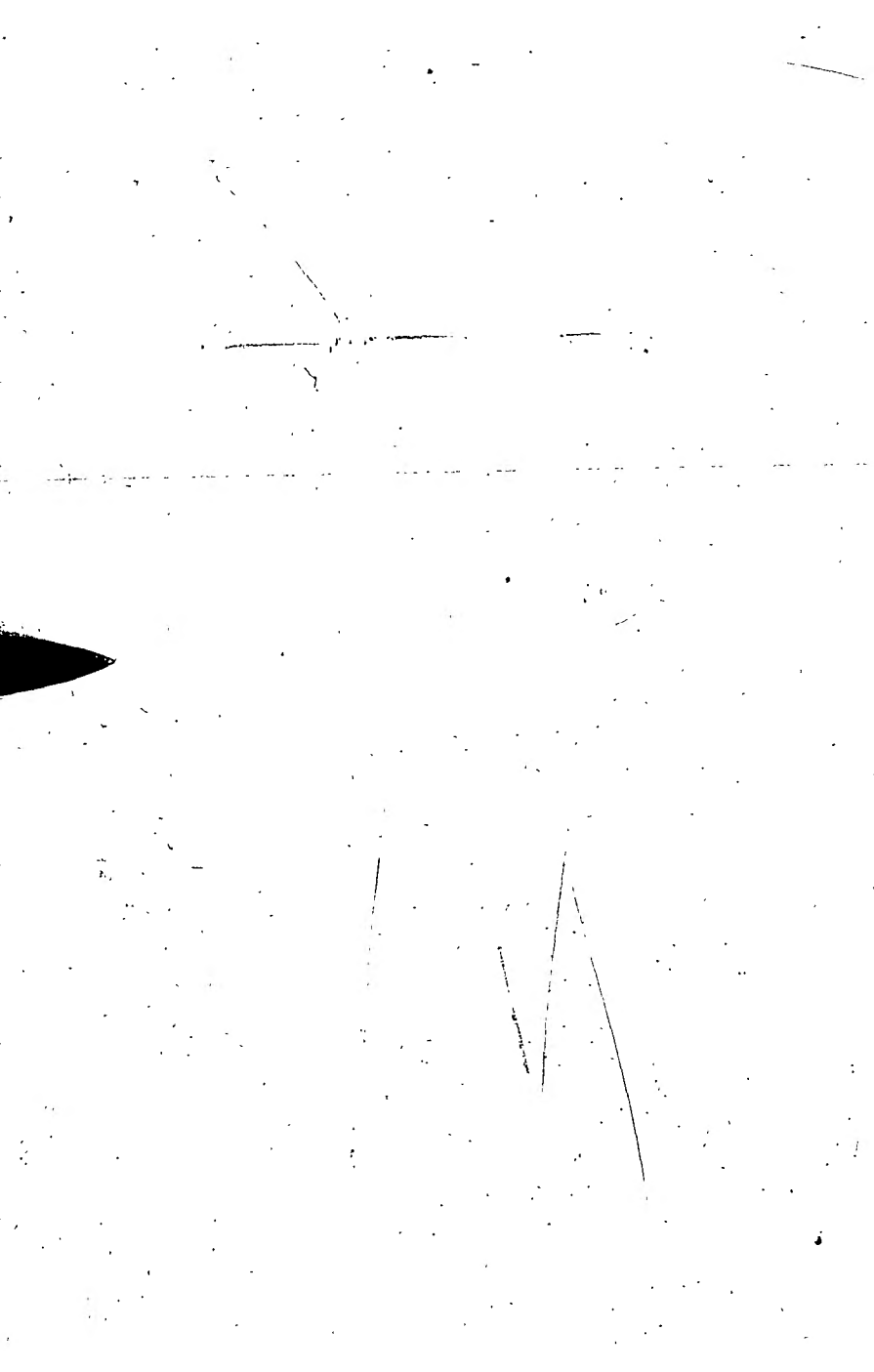
ALFRED W. HANKS

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*To*  
*I., R. and J.*





## MEET THE MORNING WITH A SMILE

---

Come, meet the morning with a smile,  
The night has passed away.  
Come, greet the morning with a smile  
T'will help you through the day.  
I know the road is hard and high,  
The burden big to bear;  
I know the hardships you must meet,  
The sorrow and the care;  
But if with smiles the morn you meet  
And to yourself be true,  
Be sure some friend a hand will lend  
To see you safely through.

## CANADA

---

From sea to sea, she solid stands,  
An Empire's soul within her hands,  
Whose fertile fields of golden grain  
Sustain and serve her world-wide fame.  
Prim pioneers in oxen carts  
With open minds and merry hearts  
To conquer came, and stayed till now.  
They cleared their claims with sweated brow  
'Til hearth and home established well,  
Proud progeny her legends tell.

When knights were bold and dreams came true  
Great projects pierced their passage through  
Where mountains high and prairie green  
United were; and lake and stream,  
And rivers wide where ocean's lave  
From shore to shore, rich verdure gave.  
Her lofty towers and stately halls  
Her prestige keeps. And faith recalls  
That running streams her bosom strains  
Yielding her wealth while earth remains.

O Canada Stand firm and free,  
Blest home of hope and liberty  
Thine honour guard 'gainst friend and foe,  
Mighty in war, to anger slow.  
If shades of night on earth descend  
God's peace be yours unto the end.  
United firm in Empire's grasp  
Her standards yours; linked with her past  
Your star shall shine; e'er sun has set  
You'll greater grow and greater yet.

## JOHN BUCHAN

---

Auld Scotia's grandeur still survives  
With tempered zeal and solid worth;  
Her songs are scattered far and wide,  
From shore to shore, o'er all the earth,  
Canada thus holds forth her hand:  
This son of Scotland's greatest men  
Shall clasp it firm and human hearts  
An Empire's grip shall feel again.

He comes to Canada's fair domain,  
This son of Scotland's keenest core,  
Sublime simplicity his sword,  
Sincerity his sharp claymore;  
His wealth of grace sustains, revives  
Our dormant sense of verse and story  
And sets our Scottish hearts aflame  
With fires of bygone days of glory.

Fair land of youth this Scottish son  
Shall you inspire to higher heights;  
Tweedsmuir shall dignity endow,  
John Buchan human wrongs put right.  
Thrice welcome son of Scotland's best,  
Canada, playing well her part,  
Now opens wide her native arms  
And takes John Buchan to her heart.

Fair emblem of auld Scotia's fame  
The Maple Leaf and Thorn entwine  
The hearts of fair Canadian youth  
Ne'er pricked by thee, the stronger vine.  
But youth and age all seasons through  
Shall sense in unions greatest treasure  
The Hidden Hand that guides us all  
And grasp anew God's brimming measure.

Written by way of welcome to Baron  
Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada  
1935 - 1940.

## GHANDI

---

Blow soft ye winds where ashes flow  
Reach far afield on ocean's tide  
From shore to shore your treasure show  
That millions still in faith abide.

Proud India free at last and he  
Who gave his life this faith to prove  
In God's mysterious way we see  
No earthly plans His purpose move.

Ye millions now must cease to fire,  
In sacred streams the storms that cease  
May merge all hearts in calm desire  
To user in a "Great World Peace."

Millions unborn on sands of time will find  
Foot-prints of Ghandi — India's Master Mind.

Written on the occasion of the death of Mahatma Ghandi, born Oct. 2nd, 1869, died Jan. 30th, 1948

## ROYAL WEDDING

---

The tumult and the noise has passed us by  
As London once more has her homage paid;  
Her merry hearts grow weary of the fray  
As passion leaves her nerves all fagged and frayed.  
Yet may the memory of this hetic day  
Bear fruit that in the coming years may be  
A bond where rose and violet entwine  
In future blessings most of us may see.  
May courage with the dawn of new-born light  
Illumine all the days their future holds,  
When all the peoples of the earth unite  
To grasp in faith the plans God's will unfolds.  
May union be the power that gives release  
And Britons once more live their lives in Peace.

Written on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth of England to Prince Philip of Greece.

## IAN

---

He's such a loving little lad,  
His heart is full of joy;  
Mischief is mirrored in the eyes  
Of this charming little boy.  
Oftimes he takes all my skill  
So little do I know,  
That often camouflage creeps in  
To supplement the show.

For instance, he enquires of me  
Why rain comes down from heaven,  
If four and four make only eight  
Why four and three make seven.  
His little brain is brimming o'er  
In world of wonder free;  
I pray God spares him long to live —  
As yet he's only three.

## FROM MY CASEMENT

---

From my casement I am listening  
To the noise of hurrying feet,  
See the glaring lights agleaming  
From the Movie 'cross the street.  
I like to see folks happy here  
All need both work and play,  
But those who see with vision clear  
Must also watch — and pray.

Sad reveries of doubt and pain  
Still fuse in distant lands,  
Where dreams and hopes seem all in vain  
Dead all their early plans.  
But we still trust and pray for them  
Glad days they yet may see,  
When hate and greed have gone — then  
Brighter be their destiny.

## THE IMMIGRANT

---

I came to you a stranger from afar  
From distant land from far across the sea,  
With all my thoughts bewildered and ajar  
Yet you held your welcome hands out to me.  
I came to you to play my duty's part  
With diffidence and wonder ever near,  
But how you warmed my cold unworthy heart  
Dislodging all unnecessary fear.  
I know not what there is I love the best  
Your snowy mantles or your prairies green,  
I only know that now I feel at rest  
And vanished quite my inconsistent dream.  
I trust in this new land as in the old  
To live more worthy as His plans unfold.

## NEW YEAR

---

Ring out the old; ring in the new;  
Let false fears fade and just what's true  
Our souls retain. And day by day  
Each blessing use in humble guise  
That peace and happiness survive  
And all that's best in life portray.

Ring out the old; ring in the new  
Let's count our blessings one by one,  
Leaving behind the clouded past  
To grasp in faith the rising sun.  
The dawn of yet another year  
Gladsome message will be giving,  
'Tis just those little things that make  
The life we live more worth living



## HOME - TOWN

---

Tonight the wind is sighing in the eaves  
Now naught but faded flowers and falling leaves  
As to my breast there clings in wakeful dreams  
Memories of my home-land; an it seems  
That once more I am wandering by the sea  
With hand in hand, fond lovers you and me.  
And there the hills we climbed so long ago  
Drinking the lave of love all sweethearts know,  
For all the world was glad when two hearts met  
With neither sorrow, sin or vain regret.  
And now tonight on wings of memories dwell  
The old home-town, the folk I love so well,  
The friends I miss. My eyes with tears are wet  
Recalling peaceful scenes I can't forget.

## TOO SOON

---

Oh youth that passes by so soon  
With all its wealth,  
To thus make room  
( 'Twould seem by stealth)  
For mature years and mellowed thought,  
What experience had taught,  
Whilst now — too soon —  
The years of grace  
Are gone.  
And yet we strive  
While yet alive  
To do the best that in us lie,  
That we may win a place  
Beyond the tomb.

## THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA

---

With skirl of pipe and roll of drum  
The Camerons Clan, they come they come,  
With stature fair and slender frame,  
Their splendid men; their past retain.  
Stately soldiers, blithe and brave;  
Plaids and plumage dance and wave,  
With gallant gait, to royal rhyme,  
The happy host keeps measured time.

With skirl of pipe and bugle cry  
The Camerons Clan will do or die.  
From clay that moulds 'neath poppies red,  
Spirits of comrades, long since dead  
Keep tryst with those who march today  
With British pluck, their part to play,  
The Camerons aye will solid stand  
To guard the honour of our fair land.

## THE GARDEN

---

I walked in the garden — alone,  
While the pale moon calmly looked down  
As if she had fathomed my mood  
Determined to sever my frown.  
I wondered how evil could live  
In a world so lovely and fair,  
How others could die of hunger  
Or many lose out in despair.

I walked in the garden — alone,  
While the pale moon calmly looked down  
Giving the flowers a new meaning  
Dispersing my unworthy frown.  
The wind sighing softly whispered  
Revealing a truth I'd not know  
But now mine the comfort to know  
That God will take care of his own.

## HER WEDDING DAY

---

Was ever bride so fair as she  
As in her wedding gown,  
Her hair intriguing sun that shone  
From out her eyes of brown?  
Her shimmering gown of satin white  
Vied roses in her hair,  
Red roses to her bosom pressed  
Was ever bride so fair?

Her stately form so proudly held  
As gliding down the isle,  
She faced the many merry friends  
Who waited for her smile.  
Thus to her lover proved her troth  
As both knelt down to pray,  
Was ever love so truly blessed  
As on their wedding day?

## EASTER MORN

---

The dawn comes creeping o'er the hill,  
The world is wrapped in slumber still,  
Cool breezes kiss the gaunt, bare trees,  
And all around the glowing lamps of night,  
Paling to meet the day, shed their light  
On mysterious sights, and seem to say,  
"Awake, Awake, dost thou not know  
That Spring is here? The night is gone,  
And left with us the dew of dawn."

At noon the sun rides high, a dazzling sight;  
All nature glows, revived, in garments bright.  
Awakened life to her responds,  
And voices raised in jovous songs  
Ring forth as bells with wizard note,  
Proclaiming far and near that Spring is here,  
"Awake, Awake, lift up your heads on high:  
Christ conquered death and everlasting life is born,  
To free the world from sin — This Easter Morn."

## REMEMBRANCE

---

Down the years we hear their voices singing  
Those songs that bless and burn, yet with us stay.  
In our ears those echos still are ringing,  
Though years have passed and this their natal day.  
Our sense of loss never can be shaken  
Though mellowed by the processes of time,  
Glory from their name can ne'er be taken  
Nor honour from their sacrifice so fine.

## A BITE TO EAT

---

A beggar came, cold, sad, and hungry  
to my door.  
His quivering form and blood-shot eyes  
made my heart sore.  
His pleading glance of pride and shame —  
I understood —  
His drooping shoulders told of age as  
naught else could.  
Before he spoke, his eyes had told his story  
of awful strain.  
For work and wages, he had fought and lost —  
was he to blame?  
Ah no. Thousands more are breaking 'neath the load  
of sordid care,  
And hearts are torn asunder, leaving naught  
but cold, despair.  
I was Oh so thankful that God had given me  
something to share.  
As he thanked me, how my heart was glad  
beyond compare,  
For those who feed the hungry or lead the blind  
with gentle care  
Will always be provided for, and have a  
bite to spare.

## THE NEW YEAR — 1947

Another year begins anew  
We tremble at it's door,  
Recalling years of bitter shame  
And all that's gone before.  
O cease this hate and death that drives  
This weary world astray,  
Render to Caesar what is his  
In seeking God's own way.

Another year has gone — so now  
May faith and hope survive  
And all that honest toil deserves  
Be this year's "Grand Surprise."  
Another year begins anew  
May it, serener far,  
Bring Peace and Brotherhood to men  
With love their guiding star.

## THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE

O let me dream of days gone by,  
My thoughts employ as moments fly,  
To see once more the crystal stream  
That filtered through the lichen green.  
The old school-house with garden fair,  
Of blooming roses, poppies rare.  
The wallflowers with their fragrance sweet,  
The pansies nestling 'neath their feet.  
Just let me roam in fancy free,  
E'er duty steals this hour from me.

O let me dream of days gone by,  
My thoughts employ as moments fly.  
When schooldays wore the charm of life,  
No thought of evil sin or strife  
To hurt the heart or sear the soul,  
Nor misdirect us from our goal.  
Sweet memories around me cling  
Of old sweet songs — the breath of Spring.  
Oh, let me once more climb that tree,  
E'er duty steals this hour from me.

## MY SON

---

A grey mist hangs o'er the tree-tops  
The earth has a mantle of snow;  
The noiseless hush of the morning  
And the flicker of lights below.  
The scene as it spreads before me  
Seems all so dreary and sad,  
Yet I dream of spring awakening  
And my heart in its purpose is glad.

God sent you to me, my darling,  
That the light of love in your eyes  
Might shroud the mist and the sadness  
Leaving only blue summer skies.  
Sense of your nearness my loved one,  
Uproots the thoughts that are sad  
Transplanting hope with the dawning  
Of all that is joyous and glad.

## MY TREE

---

One have I marked though many such  
Salute me at the ope of day;  
Her presence to my soul requests  
That gladness in my heart will stay.

I have watched her in the Springtime  
When her bursting buds were showing  
In the sunlight when her branches  
Seemed heavy and heavier growing.  
How I seemed to sense her yearning  
Sighing for rain to set her free.  
Whilst the patience of her waiting  
A lesson surely gave to me.  
I watch her now all quaint and bare  
As winter winds around her roar,  
Yet steadfastly erect she stands  
A sentinel to guard my door.  
But oh — when frost and sunshine meet  
And all her diamonds are displayed  
I understand God's gracious mood  
The game my tree and I had played.

## EACH TO HIS OWN

---

Each country speaking its own native tongue,  
On each its own established culture bent,  
When warfare claims are from her bosom wrung  
Perchance at last all sense of strife is spent.  
Each to its own some yearning still survives,  
As hunger stalks the stalls of every clime  
And fear of greed and envy still deprives  
Us of an understanding world design.  
Yet all these have a place in goodness used,  
When in the spirit of wisdom they are won  
And all in life held dear by war abused;  
No rancour holds where justice has been done.  
Courage, to bear the cross 'till sorrows cease  
And we at last have found an honoured peace.

(Written at the height of the Second World War.)

## FRIENDSHIP

---

Ties of friendship found tried and true  
Linger in our thoughts tonight  
Tugging at our heart strings mutely  
E'er the vision leaves our sight.

Some have gone from us for ever  
In a Spirit Land they dwell,  
Others from across the ocean  
Waft sweet songs their love to tell.

Others linger here beside us  
Gracious; gentle, tender, true,  
How we need their ever nearness  
You need me as I need you.

Friendship is a sacred blessing  
Let us prize it more and more  
In our hearts its warmth carressing  
Opening wide our friendships door.

Spirit of Good teach us aright  
That trusting in each human heart,  
We find our sphere and humbly keep  
By playing fairly friendships part.

## SOLITUDE

---

How still it is, no noise disturbs the night,  
As in my soul secure in sweet repose,  
Soft sense of solitude and thoughts — sublime —  
To me in tender desires disclose.

How still it is, all things around me sleep,  
The noiseless hush of dawn creeps o'er the hill,  
If I could right the wrong my pride has wrought,  
Unsay the unkind words my anger knew,  
I'd tear the rancour from my trembling lips  
To breathe a prayer of love, dear heart to you.

How still it is, yet beyond this peaceful scene  
The war-worn world in tragic horror groans,  
Fond mothers weep, a lover yearns and moans  
Of shattered hope and disillusioned dream.  
Yet you, my love, I trust that God will spare  
And in your arms a lasting peace we'll share.

## AUTUMN MORN

---

Arise O morn.

In radiant tints of purple, blue and gold,  
Across the horizon's rim and through the tall  
giant trees —  
Such gorgeous beauty let mine eyes behold,  
As into space my soul in limitless degrees  
Finds perfect peace.

The morn arose,  
Comes now the sun in all its flaming power,  
To burnish autumn tints on fading, falling  
leaves;  
And life seems merged in this triumphant  
hour,  
With death which, in a thrice, from every  
thought relieves  
The tired mind.



## SPIRIT OF GOOD

---

Spirit of Good that in each bosom slumbers  
Though veiled by earthly human coat of clay,  
Reaching e'er in faith toward Heavenly numbers  
That count much loss in this decadant day.  
Strengthen now the weak by bold transfusions,  
Cleaving in each heart its pure desires,  
Clearing from their vision all illusions  
Leaving only that which truth inspires.  
That all may play their parts and thus remember  
Each may find at last an honoured place;  
Create in all Thy people new surrender  
Fill their lives with all sufficient grace.  
Spirit of Good, transcend in wise increase  
That diverse means may merge in lasting peace.

## MY OVERSEAS TRIP

---

Beyond these shores when flows the tide  
My ship may reach the other side,  
But e'er they loose its heavy chain  
One plea I plead, one favour claim;  
That when of distant scenes I tire  
No longer hills or fens inspire,  
You'll call me back ye prairies green  
When moonlight sheds her silvery shen.

Just call me back, I'll find the way,  
My heart shall yield a nobler lay  
When to your bosom I, returning,  
My heart with fire of passion burning  
Shall, in your "Peace and Plenty" past  
And future, grasp a higher mast;  
And, listening to your sweet recall,  
I'll answer — Canada best of all.

## LOCKPORT

---

There's a dear old spot named Lockport  
On the banks of River Red  
Where the locks they fill and empty  
E'er a boat can steam ahead.  
It's a quaint old place of treasure  
With the "auld kirk" keeping trace  
Of the million modern measures  
That disclose this dear old place.

As our eyes glance 'cross the river  
They behold a fairy scene  
Where the rows of cars like toyland,  
Rest on mats of gorgeous green  
And the fishing boats at anchor  
Softly swaying to and fro  
In the soft, cool breeze of evening  
In the hush all fishers know.

'Tis fairyland to kiddies  
As they romp around at play,  
How they love the clear, warm sunshine  
As the white clouds roll away  
Leaving only lacy fringes  
Where the tree-tops kiss the sky  
And the hum of mating love-birds  
Sing a soothing lullaby.

Then to wait until the twilight  
Bathes in gold the running stream,  
And the dancing, prancing waters  
Deck the waves with frothy cream.  
You have lingered after sunset  
As the sky turned misty blue  
And the lights from 'cross the water  
Chased the fairies from your view.

And you wondered why so many  
Travelled far to distant shores  
When this gem of quiet beauty  
Nestles here — right at our door.

## CANADIAN BURIAL-GROUND IN FRANCE

---

A scene secluded and revered of men  
A lovely spot where heroes are at rest  
Lowly and high alike, all equal then,  
Death merging all — and surely God knows best.

The little crosses row on row are still  
Marking the place a loved one lies unknown  
As warm hearts their promises fulfil  
And flowers bloom around their princely throne.

'Tis not a scene for grief or sordid care,  
Just ecstasy that moves the heart to prayer  
When spirits reach celestial heights are led  
In faith to walk with their beloved dead.

## CHRISTMAS

---

Look! Once more the heavens are opening.  
Listen to that heavenly choir,  
See the gentle shepherd's kneeling  
Heralding a world's desire.  
Hush! A gentle mother's prayi'ng  
In a manger mean and low;  
Tenderly she clasps her dear one,  
Loathe to let the people know.

Halt ye hords of pomp and passion,  
Softly step ye marching men  
Into sheaths your swords assetting,  
Standing still to breathe Amen.  
Look! Once more the heavens are opening,  
Can't you hear the angels sing  
"Peace on earth goodwill toward men  
And glory to our New-born King."

## YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

You'll never know the joy to me you gave  
When low my courage; faith had failed to be;  
The words you said so earnest, yet so grave,  
The handshake that you seemed to save for me.  
You'll never know the clouds that rolled away  
Lightening up the darkness of my sky,  
Turning night into a radiant day  
As hope survived and failure passed me by.  
Thus oft between the turning of the tide  
The flood-gates of depression sweep us o'er  
And though the ebb-tide flows to oceans wide  
New waves may waft us to a safer shore.

## GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

An old man sat still in his corner chair  
Peaceful content of old age centred there,  
Lamp shedding light on his hair white as snow  
Softening his features with rapture aglow.  
Book on his lap unopened, unsought,  
Pleasures and treasures of past days he thought,  
Memories of passion and love lingered there  
When youth was gallant and maidens were fair.

Flames from the fire fanned his fancy anew  
Dancing and prancing the higher they grew,  
In glow of red embers living again  
Days of his youth with their happy refrain.  
Thoughts wandered far e'en to many a hall  
Where banquets were spread — and the garden wall  
Came Cupid to conquer — they were sweethearts yet.

The old man still sat in his corner chair  
Peaceful content of old age settled there,  
Book that had slid from his lap at his feet  
His tired eyes closed, he had fallen asleep.  
As clock chimes the hour a sweet angel came  
With soft steps, wistfully whispering his name,  
Arm in arm they went — was it true or dream?  
Forever I'll love to recall this sweet scene.

The glow of the fire, closed book on his lap,  
Tick of the clock — I could grow old like that.

## A PERFECT DAY

---

How still it is, far from the motley crowd  
My yearning heart in sense of loss is bowed,  
In fancy seeing fields of daisies dance  
As buttercups their beauty more entrance.  
When trembling dew hung on the clover's crest  
Refreshing in the night-time quiet rest  
Opening their eyes as dawned another day  
Till noon-day sun-wiped all their tears away.  
The wanton Spring that washed the lichen green  
Where lazy cattle cooling in the stream  
Vied with us as we paddled in the spray  
Wiling away hours of a perfect day.

## GOODBYE

---

Fair land of dreams, thy lakes and streams  
Are fresh and fragrant flowing,  
Thy prairies green, most wondrous scene  
When summer blooms are glowing.  
Thy gardens rare perfume the air,  
The sun finds hidden treasure  
As gentle breeze kissing the trees  
Entice a rhythmic measure.

I did not know I loved you so  
'Till bidding you goodbye.

Goodbye ye few who tried and true  
Have stood the test of time,  
Of friendship pure without allure  
To bind your hearts to mine.  
In distant spheres mid doubt and fears  
My thoughts will often stray  
To this fair land where heart and hand  
Fond farewell says to-day.

I did not know I loved you so  
But now, Goodbye — Goodbye.

## GIRLHOOD

---

Alone in twilight's mystic hour  
I dream of scenes lived long ago,  
Shadows from the fire-light gleaming  
Into phantom figures grow.  
Thus again I join the dancers,  
Sweetest music fills the air,  
Songs of rapture woo my senses  
Back to days so bright and fair.

Long ago when youth was rampant  
I can see my mother's care;  
Gown and slippers, fan and perfume,  
Garland too, to deck my hair.  
Flowers and roses all caressing  
Girlhood's prime with rosy hue,  
Eyes agleam with mirth and laughter  
Mirrored mischief shining through.

Just a carefree worldly daughter,  
Living midst a whirl of joy,  
Drinking full of every moment,  
All her arts her days employ.  
Now life's twilight hovers o'er me,  
All things not quite what they seem,  
Yet a love the firelight shadows  
That reveal my girlhood dream.

## SLEEP ON

---

Sleep on!  
Now thy earthly task is o'er —  
Rest thy soul beyond this world of care;  
Whilst here you did your share,  
And more. So now, at last —  
Sleep on!  
And from Celestial Heights your spirit will descend  
To meet with us who mourn the loss of — you our friend.

(In loving memory of Mrs. Herbert Sellers who died  
November 12, 1933)

## THE BROKEN HERO

---

Old times have changed, forever gone,  
Old times of revelry, mirth and song,  
No longer here mid shining lights  
Both friend and foe his pomp invites,  
The glowing fire, the cheering wine,  
Men proud and slick and women fine  
Around his hospitable board.  
The battle won, men sheathed their swords,  
No longer courted mid the wealth  
Of state and culture, youth and health;  
No longer pampered by the few  
Who all his faults and failings knew.  
His home, oft graced by noble proud,  
Was just as oft by motley crowd,  
Who ate his cake and drank his wine;  
They called the tune — he paid the fine.  
That voice once loved no more we hear  
Yet we must stem the bitter tear;  
To view his life by all bereft  
We fain would see him safe at rest.  
His heart so warm, mistakes he made,  
He ran the pace his place to save.  
What though the gall pierced every link  
That held the cup that he must drink,  
Until at last he drank the dregs,  
Bowed low his head and, passing on,  
Was lost amid the surging throng  
Of earth's mysterious living dead.

## TWEEDSMUIR — IN MEMORIUM

---

Great Sire !  
Serenely soars thy saintly soul  
O'er scenes in life you graced  
So well. And now, too soon —  
In Death  
Though Scotia claims her son, in deep desire  
Canadian hearts will weep — Farewell — beloved Sire.  
(Written at the time of the death of Baron Tweedsmuir,  
Governor-General of Canada 1935 - 1940)

## BERNADOTTE

---

Sleep on nor wake, though Nations round you weep  
Whilst here on earth you played a hero's part  
You gave your all; now we our vigil keep  
As sorrow reigns in every Swedish heart.  
Brave Bernadotte, whose simple worth his greatness proved  
Stands forth in death beyond the taunts of men;  
In faith and confidence you fought — and moved  
the world to right a wrong, injustice stem.  
Though dust to dust your broken body lies  
Lame victim of a war-worn cruel blast;  
Your spirit clings as to our aid it flies  
Together we may find the truth at last.

(Written on the occasion of the tragic death of Count  
Bernadotte by an assassin's bullet, Sept. 17th, 1948)

## THE PASSING OF A FRIEND

---

As years rolled on she grew in grace,  
One of Scotia's noble daughters:  
Like angels — oft she feared to tread  
Life's onward rush, but chose, instead,  
The quiet paths with thoughtful mein,  
In neat attire she played her part, calm, serene,  
Her duty ever to her God, her bairns;  
Her life in life — in death her cairn.

This daughter proud of Scottish race,  
Whose kindly charm and inward grace  
No glittering light could e'er bedim.  
The glow of faith that there within  
Her soul's embrace — subdued, sublime,  
Was furrowed deep within her breast.  
Fearless, her soul went forth into the night,  
Tranquil, prepared, she met the eternal dawn.

(In loving memory of Mrs. J. P. Locherbie,  
Born Oct. 25th, 1856; died April 7th, 1934)



## IF NIGHT SHOULD COME

If night should come to find me striving still  
To bribe the muse by ardent constant will,  
That I perchance may leave behind one note,  
One song of love, of passion or of hope.  
To sow a seed on some bare barren ground  
Where some day blooming flowers may be found,  
Or on the ebb-tide cast one humble rhyme  
That flood-tide in its strength shall reckon mine.  
The right of way is mine — has't thou not given  
Me understanding of swift passing time,  
Yet all life's day I have but vainly striven  
To harmonize my intellect with Thine.

## SHE GAVE ALL

Weep, women of to-day — no warmer heart  
E'er breathed. She walked with God.  
No truer friend e'er played a nobler part  
Than she to-day we laid beneath the sod.

We longed to honour her declining years  
That she might live in peace and rest awhile  
Forgetful of the bitter unshed tears  
That oft had glistened through her winning smile.

Ah no, t'were better far that she should sleep  
With others who had safely crossed the bar,  
That we who mourn in faith her vigil keep  
And in her memory find a guiding star.

Yet e'er we leave her body to the dust  
We pledge anew, here over her open grave  
That we will ever honour, love and trust  
The principles in life she fought to save.

Move on, unfurl the flag unto the breeze  
Nor fear to tread life's unknown hidden mast,  
Assured that giving of her best, she found  
A safe and peaceful anchorage at last.

(In loving memory of Mrs. Robert Rogers, who died  
July 4, 1934)

## REMINISCENCE

---

The rugs may be faded, the walls dull and grey,  
The pictures all memories recalling the day  
When first they were hung, seems so long ago,  
Yet the longer they hang the dearer they grow.  
Sweet scenes from the past encircle my room  
The fragrance of friends in their beauty and bloom  
I do not feel lonesome for spirits seem nigh  
Kissing my hair as they swiftly pass by.  
Old sheets of songs that we sang long ago  
Little things meager to strangers I know,  
Letters that linger — in solitude read  
Telling of loved ones some living, some dead;  
Subduing my life as the years roll away,  
Soothing my night as they strengthen my day.

## THE DYING YEAR

---

The shades are slanting toward the West,  
The year has almost run its course,  
What have we had our faith to test  
In all its days of fight and force.  
The land lies bleeding — who shall lead  
From out this tortured troubled night,  
Who bind its wounds or hungry feed  
Or succour serve youth's fearful plight.

Oft softness comes to serve the soul,  
The sense of spiritual evidence,  
But scenes that scar the blotted scroll  
Yield little hope of recompense.  
Yet spheres from a supernal power  
Still linger here in finer air,  
And in the silence of this hour,  
We know that God will answer prayer.

## SUMMER TIME

---

Summer time, full summer time,  
Summer time with blossoms rare;  
Every plot and window box  
Is bursting with its ample share;  
Every lane and hidden nook,  
Every garden in its prime,  
Come, enjoy full nature's store  
God's great gift of summer time.

Summer time, gay summer time,  
Summer time with roses red;  
Rich their tints and fragrance sweet  
On all alike their beauty shed.  
Every hedge and bush and tree  
Sighing 'neath their load of bloom,  
Come, enjoy sweet summer time  
E'er it pass away — too soon.

## THE OPENING OF THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE LONDON, 1948

---

The best we have we offer Thee dear Lord  
In humble guise we seek Thy love divine,  
That all earth's gifts bestowed by thee alone  
Shall ever be to us Thy loves design.  
In lowly supplication now we face  
The future all unknown, yet lead the way,  
Knowing Thou wilt Thine servants grace  
In christian fellowship to watch and pray.  
All nations in their need depicted here  
To plead for courage, rediscovery  
Of simple truths, that ever linger near,  
Yet oftimes in life's rush have gone astray.  
Reveal in us Christ's dignity and power,  
Binding all hearts in this decisive hour.

## DISPLACED

---

Oh come ye from my native land  
Your story thus to tell;  
Tell me of those I left behind  
If they are safe and well.

My father from my side was torn  
He dare not say farewell,  
They dragged him forth all old and worn  
To their infernal hell.

My youthful brother, big and bright,  
Refused their vile commands,  
Determined he would do the right  
Though manacled his hands.

Oh hateful life when forced by fate  
Whilst of't I wished to die  
Yet, struggling still in sullen state,  
I longed to live — and why?

Oh friend of fortune thus to find  
This sound and safe retreat,  
Where hearts and hands are joined to bind  
The plan God makes complete.

Perhaps I'll meet more comrades here  
From that dear distant shore,  
And talk of things that draw us near  
To days gone long before.

## BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE

---

Britain must be free or die — but now  
Midst world-wide spheres of sin and strife  
Her palaces and halls alas  
Are down to dust, a motionless mass.  
Where are her ships that once in pride  
All oceans plied ebb or full tide,  
Her crowded ports where commerce thrived  
And man to man in peace was tied.

O mighty Albion, whose ships  
In gracious mein slid down the slips  
That in due time huge stocks would take  
To world-wide marts safe trade to make.  
In this her night when silence reigns  
And mystery veils all her domains,  
From this disarming solitude  
O give her space — where once she stood.

Brave Britain, once the home of all  
When foreign lands came at her call  
To share her prestige, school and state;  
Till science seems at last to break  
Her mighty force, at last designed  
By vicious veins that war combined.  
Yet spite of all we feel or see  
Great Britain shall once more be free,  
Using her human minds and hands  
She'll pay the price that God commands.

## SHALL WE FORGET

---

Will ever from our eyes depart the sight,  
The horror of the day when might and force  
Climbed to the gallows of frustrated power  
To taste the gall of nature's evil course.  
O world of sin, the source of every war,  
Take heed when once again time action craves  
When spirits from the unknown living dead  
Keep tryst with those who speak from other graves.

What faults are ours, for who from faults are free ?  
Revenge may be a sop that soothes us for a time,  
Perchance the hidden hate revenge inspired  
Shall wake once more temptation and design,  
When now unborn the prodgency of peace  
Shall in the shades of memory often stray.  
May each in perfect faith resolve to fight  
For freedom in God's ever perfect way.

## SILENCE

---

How wonderful the silence here  
The sleeping birds at rest,  
The dawn that ope's her eyes to clear  
The sky at God's behest.  
The dawn of yet another day  
Is peeping O'er the trees,  
Whose lacey fringes fair portray  
The beauty morning sees.

More beautiful this silent scene  
As, scanning Eastern skies,  
The mystery of morning's beam  
Spreads out before my eyes.  
Oh gracious are Thy works divine  
My homage thus demanding,  
Yet giving to my soul — from Thine —  
Peace passing understanding.

## BE IN EARNEST

---

Be in Earnest, Be in Earnest  
In all you say and do.  
You cannot simply drift along  
Yet to yourself be true,  
For conscience plays a vital part  
As, travelling day by day,  
We reap the seed that we have sown  
In every yesterday.

Be in Earnest; Be in Earnest  
Why fritter time away ?  
Today if idle you remain  
Tomorrow you must pay.  
In earnest to yourself be true,  
Plant good seed that will stay;  
Cast it on the flowing ebb-tide,  
The flood will waft it back some day.

## MY DARLING

---

Two tiny feet pattering round all the day,  
Two shell-like ears hearing all that I say,  
Two dirty dolls that she hugs to her breast  
This is my darling — the one I love best.

Two soft grey eyes often turn misty blue  
As mischief and laughter come dancing through,  
Two rosy cheeks all dimpled and round,  
No busier person on earth can be found.

Sweet is her song as she warbles at play,  
Laughing or crying in tragic dismay,  
Loving and hugging whilst perched on my knee  
There's no hour sweet as her bedtime to me.

Two chubby hands clasped up in the air,  
Two pouting lips softly lisping her prayer,  
Two tired eyes closed as tight could be,  
This is my darling — she has just turned three.

## MY ROSE

---

Only a rose, my darling, you gave me,  
The rose you gave me the first day we met,  
Carving our names on the bark of its tree  
Warming our hearts without fear or regret.

Only a rose now frail and faded, yet  
Closely it lies 'tween the leaves of a book,  
Oftimes remembered by mellowed regret  
The ivy, the roses, the clear running brook.

Only a rose, but oh how its petals  
Cling to my fingers in loving entwine,  
Forging anew rare chains in its trestles  
Chains that were forged in that gay summertime.

Only a rose that I may remember  
One lad I loved in that far away time,  
Echoing his fond words gentle and tender  
Soothing all troubles and tears that were mine.

Only a rose, now poppies embrace him  
Poppies of peace in a far distant land,  
Tonight in spirit 'neath Heaven's clear rim  
In faith I'll greet him — he may understand.

## PEACE

---

You came and with you came a song sublime  
And earth resounded once again with joy;  
You came to bring a calm and happier time  
To rend the years apart from war's employ.  
You came so tenderly, each trembling heart  
Beat with a new and tranquil undertone,  
Yielding the mellow muse a suppler part  
That echoed all the wanderers had come home;  
Stealing into the wounds that war had made  
With healing balm of time's celestial plan,  
When all the world war's wasteful price had paid  
And grasped his way — The brotherhood of man.



## WINTER

---

Though cold wind at my casement beats  
And white my window panes,  
The snow comes creeping through the breach  
Of doors and open drains.  
And though no wealth of gold be mine  
To bribe the cheerless night,  
The winter frowns the only sign  
That penetrates my sight.

I know that summer comes again  
When Spring has chased the snow,  
And shining showers of April rain  
Shall make the flowers grow;  
So, scanning future's hidden track  
I'll play life's wintry part  
Assured that winter can't attack  
While summer's in my heart.

## CHRIST FOR WINNIPEG

---

Whom have we here tonight walking with God,  
Pointing a way of life other have trod;  
Bringing a song of love old and yet new,  
Sifting with earnest plea false from the true;  
Using with ardent air words brave and bold,  
Singing in praise sweetest words ever told;  
Yearning to make other hearts warm and free,  
Trusting his mission may save you and me;  
Leaving with us tonight hope for our fear,  
Praying in fervent hope God will be near;  
Searching the Scriptures his passion to prove,  
Proving a real peace that war can't remove;  
Asking God's blessing to be with us still;  
Blessing our lives when attuned to His will?

Written on the occasion of the visit to Winnipeg of  
Mr. T. B. Rees, English Evangelist

## THE OLD WINDMILL

---

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well;  
Tonight my pen shall paint, her scenes of beauty tell.  
The softness of the early morn, the dew upon the grass,  
The beauty of the rising sun — could anything surpass?  
The buttercups and daisies, the herds upon the hill,  
The lazy, dreamy cattle, and the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well;  
My exiled heart is yearning for the bracken and the fell.  
To wander in the woodlands with the wild flowers all around,  
To see the bluebells smiling and the pansies kiss the ground,  
The hawthorn and the roses, the music of the rill,  
Singing songs of Scotland to that old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land of hills and fens;  
The moorland's blooming heather or the echo of the glens.  
My longing eyes grow dim, as I climb the hill to find  
The shepherd bringing home his lambs, his heart so warm and kind  
He lays them gently by the fire, their quivering forms grow still,  
In that dear old home, beside the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well;  
The scenes of early autumn no brush nor pen can tell.  
The leaves all dressed in glowing tints, the rowan's hanging low,  
The new mown hay and stacks of corn sweet fragrance round you blow,  
Twilight gently stealing o'er the scene until  
Your eyes can scarcely trace the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well;  
A little longer linger, a few more moments dwell.  
In childhood's days and after, when love and sorrow came,  
Your shores, I quit, yet felt you knew I loved you just the same  
And now, tonight, though far away, in loving memory still  
I see your hills, your heather — and that old windmill.

## WISHES FOR 1948

---

Another year has come and gone. Alas  
The veiled future all obscure, unknown;  
With hungry still unfed the human mass  
Untamed by warfare other years have shown,  
Still pants for patience, faith to meet the new.  
When now at last all pace of passion spent  
We yearn to understand what's really true  
That we may once more live our lives content  
The greed for power be satisfied at last  
The grind of poverty just an evil dream.  
As all the sordid shame shown in the past  
Is drowned in this year's clear and cleansing stream,  
All groping cease. We'll firmly hold His hand,  
Knowing that God will hear and understand.

## THERE IS NO DEATH

---

There is no death. Beyond the tomb  
Their spirits move in memory's day,  
And broken bodies all immune  
Shall flower again when ripe the clay.

There is no death. Only the pain  
Of broken hearts and bitter tears,  
That surely time will heal again  
As other thoughts employ the years.

There is no death. Each little bed  
Will tell us where their bodies lie,  
And Angel forms in silent tread  
Shall whisper as they pass us by.

There is no death. Beyond the tomb  
In some Celestial clime they move,  
Where earth has passed beyond its gloom  
And Heaven at last all things has proved.

## ECSTASY

---

I'd lived for times exalted fame  
Found it at last, in strange disguise,  
Creep forth in veiled unwhispered name  
To offer me an honoured prize.  
I drank in full the magic wine  
As fuller life my vision sought,  
At last this rapture would be mine,  
Frustrations battle had been fought.

Hurrying out to meet the night  
So beautiful beyond compare,  
Did ever eyes view such a sight  
Or humble heart dream aught so fair ?  
I stood quite still the sky to scan,  
Soft winds, like Angels hovering round,  
Ecstasy covering earthly span  
As if I stood on hallowed ground.

For simplest things our days employ  
Reach nearest to our hearts desire,  
And reaching forth in modest aim  
Shall higher still our souls inspire.  
'Tis worth to live a length of years  
To reap in time what God had planned,  
And view again with wondering eyes  
All that he carried in His hand.

Oftimes in sweetest memory  
I live again that hour of bliss,  
And wonder if perchance that night  
Portrayed to me God's heaven on earth.  
Could I but bribe my pen to trace  
Or tuneful voice my thoughts recite,  
I'd sing that all the world might know  
The wonder of that perfect night.

## LITTLE THINGS

---

Little acts of kindness  
Little words of prayer  
Little rays of sunshine  
Shed them everywhere.

Just to smooth the pillow  
Of a friend in pain,  
Just to trace the trainbow  
Shining through the rain.

Just to whisper softly  
"Do not worry dear,"  
Or with gentle fingers  
Wipe away a tear.

Little smiles of welcome  
Little gifts of cheer,  
All these little gestures  
Bring God and Heaven near.

## THE PASSING SHOW

---

When skies are dark and lights are low  
More brightly gleams the passing show.  
The cry for peace, the roar of war,  
The helpless rich, the hungry poor,  
The thirst for power, the prize to win,  
The Saints regret the trail of sin.  
Has honour gone with chivalry  
And naught be left that's true or free?  
All tangled up with ruthless greed  
The golden calf their only creed.  
What though the world be cold and dead  
With wine and song — they'd paint it red;  
The blustering bull, the cunning mute,  
The camouflage that hid their loot.  
'Twas thus since e'er the world began  
When God free will had given man  
To use for good. Whilst evil reigns  
There's naught but war and war's remains.

## THE PROMISE

---

Still pants for peace the soul of youth.  
In this chaotic time,  
Still yearns the heart for simple truth  
That virtue may incline  
To speak for all that life may make  
What we can best endure,  
Inducing foes to conquer hate  
Where reason rests secure.

Yet enemies in secret seek  
To harness all they can,  
Intriguing those now poor and meek  
In their relentless van.  
Still pants for peace the souls of them  
That sacred still retain  
The promise made — they'd hold the torch  
If war should come again.

## DELUSION

---

Every time those friends I met,  
They'd aye repeat the self-same thing.  
"Be sure you come to see us soon  
Phone 342 — be sure to ring."  
So one day having time to spare  
I thought I'd go those friends to see;  
I did just as they asked and rang  
To say I'd come, if home they'd be.

I still respect the friends I meet  
But, when they say be sure to call,  
I take it with a grain of salt —  
Words often mean nothing at all.  
And though I may have time to spare  
I question are friends what they seem,  
Remembering how I once was hurt  
And what a poor fool I had been.

## HE NEVER KNEW

Come back, come back to me dear heart,  
Come back, from out the lonely years,  
You never knew I loved you so,  
Nor saw my hopeless bitter tears.  
To choose the right, we had to part,  
There lay no other path between,  
And now alone in twilight's hour,  
I dream of what there might have been.

Come back, come back to me dear heart,  
For just one other hour sublime  
That through the past my soul may rise  
Beyond the ravages of time.  
To read the truth within your eyes  
As smiling through your unshed tears  
You said good-bye — it broke your heart —  
I've silent been through all those years.

Come back, come back to me dear heart,  
To soothe my wakeful restless dream,  
I dread the coming lonesome years  
Of age and all that lies between.  
It was no easy hill to climb  
To crush the heart that yearned for you,  
In friendship I am glad we met  
And of my love you never knew.

Come back, come back to me dear heart,  
From out those distant skies of blue,  
To-day I kissed your smiling eyes  
Your eyes so tender, kind and true.  
And somehow, dear, though you're in heaven,  
The wonder of our love survives  
As through the mist our spirits cling —  
Love such as ours, dear, never dies.

## COME TO THE PARK

### Part 1

---

Come boys and girls, come babies too,  
Ordinary folk, yes, you and you  
Come pack your case with dainties rare,  
Birds and beasts are waiting there.  
Sweet blue-bells are dancing still,  
The trees with foliage have their fill,  
And pansies prim are peeping through  
The sodden earth, to welcome you.

The grass has never greener grown,  
Nor flower-beds more beauty shown,  
The sun shines forth, in sheer delight  
The heaven's view the wonderous sight.  
Come, bring along your tennis rack,  
Your cricket ball or baseball bat;  
Here maidens sweet in gingham gown  
With lacy frills all hanging down,  
Will melt the heart of every swain  
Who saunters forth to play the game.

Dad will wear his don't-dare-it frown,  
Grandma her quaint old-fashioned gown;  
All will be there, their part to play  
On each momentous summer day.  
Now banquet cloth is spread around  
And dainties rare caress the ground,  
More than enough and some to share  
With feathered friends who loiter there.

As daylight dies the evening's breeze  
Chase shadows creeping through the trees,  
And day is done, it's hours well spent,  
All make for home in deep content;  
If saddened hearts some gladness know,  
Or darkened lives some sunshine show,  
I fain would bribe my pen to trace  
My thanks to God — for such a place.



## COME TO THE PARK

### Part II

---

Have you seen 'the kiddies' corner  
Where Peacocks strutt' pretty and proud  
Displaying their dignified airs  
To impress the gay passing crowd?

Notice that wise old owl dozing  
Pretends to sleep on the tree,  
Perchance she is blinking, thinking  
Such funny folk — yes you and me.

Big grizzly bears fat and funny  
Their stunts to the kiddies display  
And, 'if fed on plenty peanuts  
Will play at this great game all day.

Muskrats that live in the water  
Wearing such a nonchalant air;  
Hard to believe that in future  
They'll adorn grand coats ladies wear.

You have watched the angry Coyotes  
They can't for one moment keep still,  
Hungering for wide open spaces  
Where they may roam free at their will.

Then those ponderous buffaloes  
They eat as they tread round the track,  
Such a monstrous giant at front  
A wee skinny thing at the back.

The deer, so timid and frightened  
As if they would' fain run away  
To hills of their nature environs  
Where tall trees in soft breezes sway.

King of them all, the caged Lion,  
Such dignity, majesty, poise,  
Disdainfully searching the scene,  
Detached from the crowd and the noise.

And we in contentment linger  
While sun sinks behind the blue wall,  
And raise our eyes to the Heavens  
In wonder and awe at it all.

## COME TO THE PARK

### Part III

---

Come with me to the dreamer's quiet corner  
There we will find us a sweet shady nook  
E're to some distant land we may wander  
With new found friends we will meet in our book.  
Blue sky o'er head babbling brook at our feet  
Far from the crowd is this charming retreat  
Cool breeze of evening caressing our hair  
Holds us enraptured whilst lingering there.  
Less loud the sounds the shadows creep slowly  
Mystic hush breathes o'er the eve's gentle close  
Far in the West on the rim of the sky.  
The sun sinks to rest in tranquil repose.  
Comes now the night, should our dream fade away,  
May morn's fresh fragrance bring back yesterday.

## JUST THE OTHER FELLOW

---

I'm just the other fellow 'cross the street  
No pompous ceremony or display,  
You see I'm just the fellow o'ft you meet.  
No anxious fear disturbs me night or day,  
The same old song is ringing far and near  
The make-believe is just the same old jest  
And all the world is laughing loud with fear.  
As human cycles now their courage test.  
The air is full of words the world to save  
And if great speeches could all strife askew  
This great old world would once more be her own  
And faith in her be guaranteed anew.  
But ah — I must be careful and discreet —  
I'm just the other fellow 'cross the street.

## THE WAYSIDE

---

I'm wandering by the wayside,  
The sun is sinking low;  
Soft and softer gleam her shades  
Farther on I go.  
The bluebell's still are smiling  
To clover at my feet  
And daffodils are dancing,  
To make the scene complete.

Along the path the stones grow grey —  
Clouds passing o'er the blue,  
Shaping the shades of twilight's picture,  
Old yet ever new;  
The quiet hush of distant drones,  
Trembling through the air,  
Bring tender thoughts, loathe I'll be  
To leave a world so fair.

Some day I'll reach that corner, then  
I'll creep around the bend,  
The mystery of living here  
Shall then be at an end.  
May heaven hold a prize as rich  
As earth has won for me,  
When 'yond earth's night the dawn of light  
With seeing eyes I'll see.

## HEROS OF TODAY

---

They give the best that in them lie  
Our heros of today,  
Not good enough, how e'er they try  
To trace a peaceful way.

On guard against deceitful snare  
They strain to understand  
And oftimes in their deep despair  
Must clasp an unseen hand.

Proud spirits hold their rage and bend  
In patience, not in hate,  
And strive the more to comprehend  
A foe that once was mate.

They give their all, with measured mind  
They meet frustrations power,  
Believing just reward will find  
Those serving Destiny's hour:

## STATESMEN

---

Gather round ye Statesmen as in the past  
This world of chaos needs you more today  
We read the anguish in your every cast  
To find a way wherein a peace can stay  
We see you wrestle in "Blood, Sweat and Tears"  
Reviewing countries dimly passing by  
As in life's deadly grip vice oft appears  
To conquer spite of every scheme you try  
Gather round ye statesmen from every land  
Ye who give your life your land to save  
We leave you now as then a mighty band  
Trusting "Spirit of Good" your way will pave  
No earthly atom can your purpose scare  
Those understanding leave you in His care.

## COURAGE

---

When all your plans distorted are  
And your very thoughts are blue,  
When your sky looks dark and dreary  
And no sun comes shining through,  
You are weary with the waifing  
For the turning of the tide,  
The world is worn with war-time strain  
And life's ocean deep and wide.

Yet courage will land you safely  
Where no storm can wreck the soil,  
And your bark will find an anchor  
In your faith of daily toil.  
With the dawning of the morning  
The shadows of night will flee,  
Leaving you in "The Mystery Ship,"  
Of the plans you could not see.

## THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

---

This drab old world would be more drear  
Without its great variety;  
This great old life more aimless be  
Without shades of society.  
Some rush, and roar of things to be,  
Others, in prim propriety  
Keep calm. They know the world will win  
Without all this anxiety.  
Great wealth the goal so many seek,  
Yet many live and value more  
The hidden wealth that gold can't buy  
The cultured mind with souls that soar.  
Some sell their souls for pomp and show.  
Yet in the shade some silent sit;  
This queer old world is — quite alright  
Were all the people living in it.

## RIGHT-OF-WAY

---

I greet thee, land of lakes and streams  
I greet thee, land of pleasant dreams  
Where lightly falls the twilight hours  
Sunset veiling summer showers,  
Where every flower, bird and tree  
Sing sweet songs of melody  
And friendships tried found true to be  
Cling here in silent memory.

Glad years will heal the hurt of heart  
When time has tuned her wanton part  
And naught of meddling mischief tend  
To pamper foe or sever friend.  
No thought of trouble, doubt or fear  
But all in love a vision clear,  
Oh, grant me grace, God with-me stay  
That I may win Right-of-way.

## ARISE

---

Arise ye men with British pluck,  
March forth, in peace your place retain;  
As enemies your courage suck  
And fain would stain your honoured name.

Arise ye soldiers — now in peace  
Claim what you fought for on the field;  
Let no pretense your ardour cease,  
To no false plan your glory yield.

Arise ye men of well earned fame,  
For freedom's cause both near and far,  
In perfect trust you played the game,  
That unborn heirs be free from war.

## EACH PLAYED THEIR PART

---

Some went to battle brave and bold  
To fight for country, King and fame,  
With measured step and flags unfurled  
They pledged anew their honoured name.

Into the flame that burned and bled,  
Where cannons roared and guns were fed,  
Where skies were hid by birds of prey  
And earth was littered with their dead.

With bleeding wound and broken limb  
Amid that thunderous battle cry,  
They plunged into the bloody mess  
Where men at war must do or die.

Forsooth some could not make the grade,  
But trapped when numbed by shock and strain  
They proudly bent with humble mein  
To play with scorn the waiting game.

Men such as climbed war's bitter heights  
In History's pages never die,  
For all have played a noble part  
And Britain's honour still survives.

## HOMELAND

---

Far, far from her shores I have wandered away,  
Facing fair lands of my dreams of a day  
When fortune would woo me — though fickle she be —  
Where new scenes would soothe me and space set me free.

### Refrain:

Scotland, my homeland, far over the sea;  
Voices of loved ones are calling for me;  
Soft winds that sigh o'er the crest of the foam  
Are wafting me back to my dear Scottish home.

Far from her mountains my feet long have strayed,  
Seeking fresh pastures with hope unallayed,  
Yet when waves o'er the spaces sing softly I sigh  
With the hope I may see her before that I die.

Fair land of adoption, thy prairies I praise,  
The sun on the snow-drifts, thy sweet summer days;  
Sure land of promise, wide spaces galore,  
Would I love you less, loved I not Scotland more?

## THE VISION

---

All lands and peoples have a price to pay,  
All have their high or lowly part to play.  
Perchance on stage of life our portion be  
A vision that we cannot clearly see;  
With wistful sigh or yearning lullaby  
We lull to sleep our sullen bitter cry,  
Afraid that morn in wakeful tones appraise  
Defeats undreamt of in our yesterdays.  
And yet undaunted still we face the fire  
Of unextinguished flame; Our hearts desire  
That we a token of fate's favour grasp,  
To find that we have reached our goal at last.



## LEISURE

---

The sweetest of all leisure days are those  
When, to ourselves in silent thoughts apart,  
Sad memory fills our minds and overflows  
With burning sense of blows that broke a heart.  
Though memories dark, if spark of love remain  
To kindle into flame past passions dart  
And from the ashes of desire ther came  
The solace of a conquered hidden part.  
Thus sweet and pure our solitude, for here  
With seeing eyes the proof at last we see,  
As all around our path far and near  
We sense the other traveller's company.

## DENNIS DEAR

---

The deep dark shades of autumn now are creeping,  
Along the garden wall, where first we met.  
The shadows through the branches, still are peeping  
In sympathy with scenes I can't forget.  
When all the world was glad and lovers' meeting  
Held nought of sorrow, sin or vain regret.  
Dear heart, return and end this night of weeping,  
O Dennis Dear my heart lives with you yet.  
    O Dennis Dear for you my heart is aching,  
    Long, long the day, the night so dark and drear,  
    O tell me, dear, the dawn will soon be breaking,  
    To bring you back to me your cushla dear.  
O Dennis Dear, once more the sun is sinking  
Behind the hills we climed so long ago.  
Where, arm in arm, we wandered deeply drinking  
The lave of love that only sweethearts know.  
Around the bend the alien ships are sailing,  
With sorrowing sight I see them cross the bay  
But, dear, my eye's shall gleam again when hailing  
Your ship safe home in Erin's Isle to stay.

"Homeland" and "Dennis Dear" have been set to music  
by Mr. N. B. Hicks of Winnipeg.